

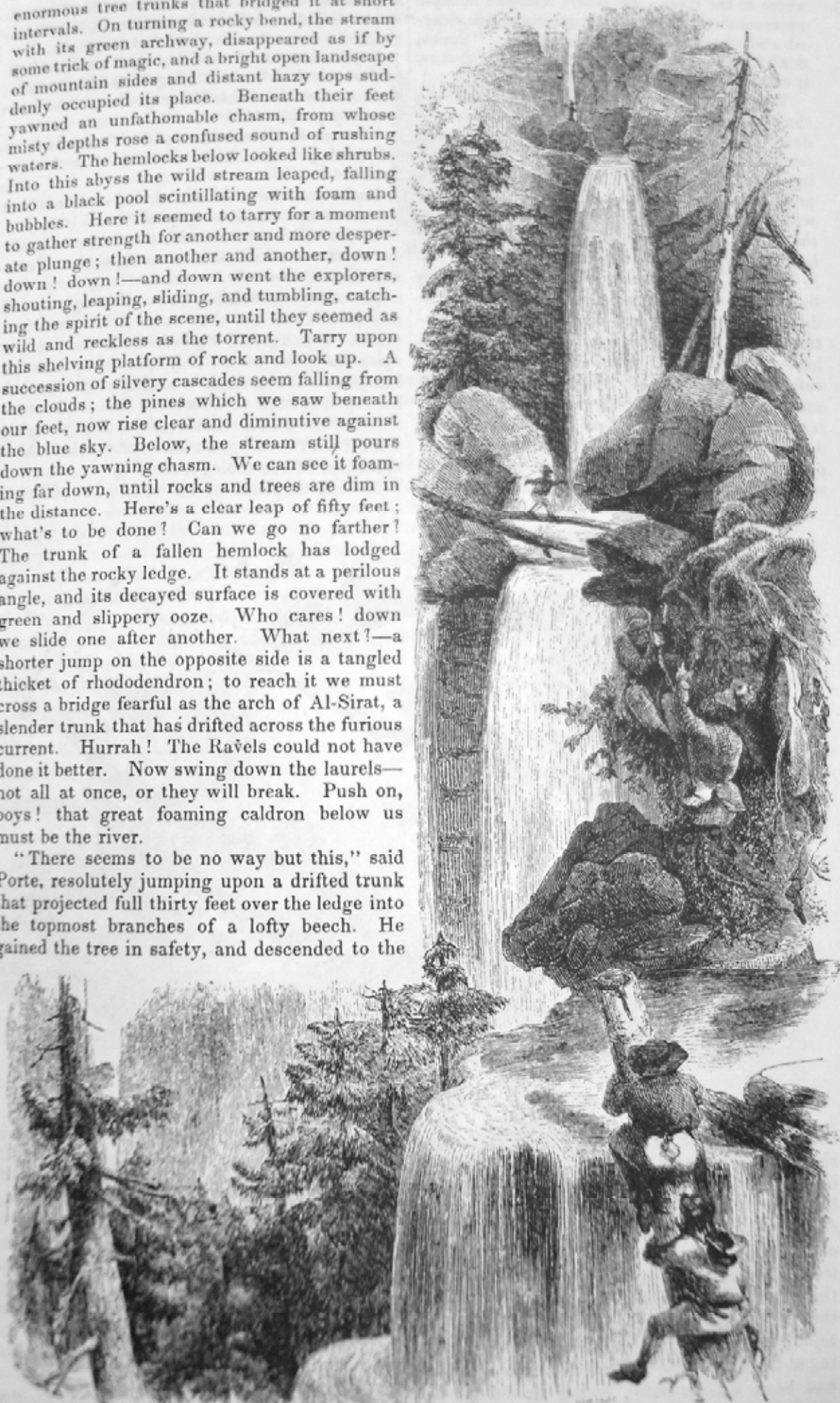


THROUGH THE WOODS.

The bodies of these fallen giants afforded quite a sorry sight by the same appendage. He, of course, was the only one who survived.

enormous tree trunks that bridged it at short intervals. On turning a rocky bend, the stream with its green archway, disappeared as if by some trick of magic, and a bright open landscape of mountain sides and distant hazy tops suddenly occupied its place. Beneath their feet yawned an unfathomable chasm, from whose misty depths rose a confused sound of rushing waters. The hemlocks below looked like shrubs. Into this abyss the wild stream leaped, falling into a black pool scintillating with foam and bubbles. Here it seemed to tarry for a moment to gather strength for another and more desperate plunge; then another and another, down! down! down!—and down went the explorers, shouting, leaping, sliding, and tumbling, catching the spirit of the scene, until they seemed as wild and reckless as the torrent. Tarry upon this shelving platform of rock and look up. A succession of silvery cascades seem falling from the clouds; the pines which we saw beneath our feet, now rise clear and diminutive against the blue sky. Below, the stream still pours down the yawning chasm. We can see it foaming far down, until rocks and trees are dim in the distance. Here's a clear leap of fifty feet; what's to be done? Can we go no farther? The trunk of a fallen hemlock has lodged against the rocky ledge. It stands at a perilous angle, and its decayed surface is covered with green and slippery ooze. Who cares! down we slide one after another. What next?—a shorter jump on the opposite side is a tangled thicket of rhododendron; to reach it we must cross a bridge fearful as the arch of Al-Sirat, a slender trunk that has drifted across the furious current. Hurrah! The Ravens could not have done it better. Now swing down the laurels—not all at once, or they will break. Push on, boys! that great foaming caldron below us must be the river.

"There seems to be no way but this," said Porte, resolutely jumping upon a drifted trunk that projected full thirty feet over the ledge into the topmost branches of a lofty beech. He gained the tree in safety, and descended to the



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MR. JONES'S LEGACY.

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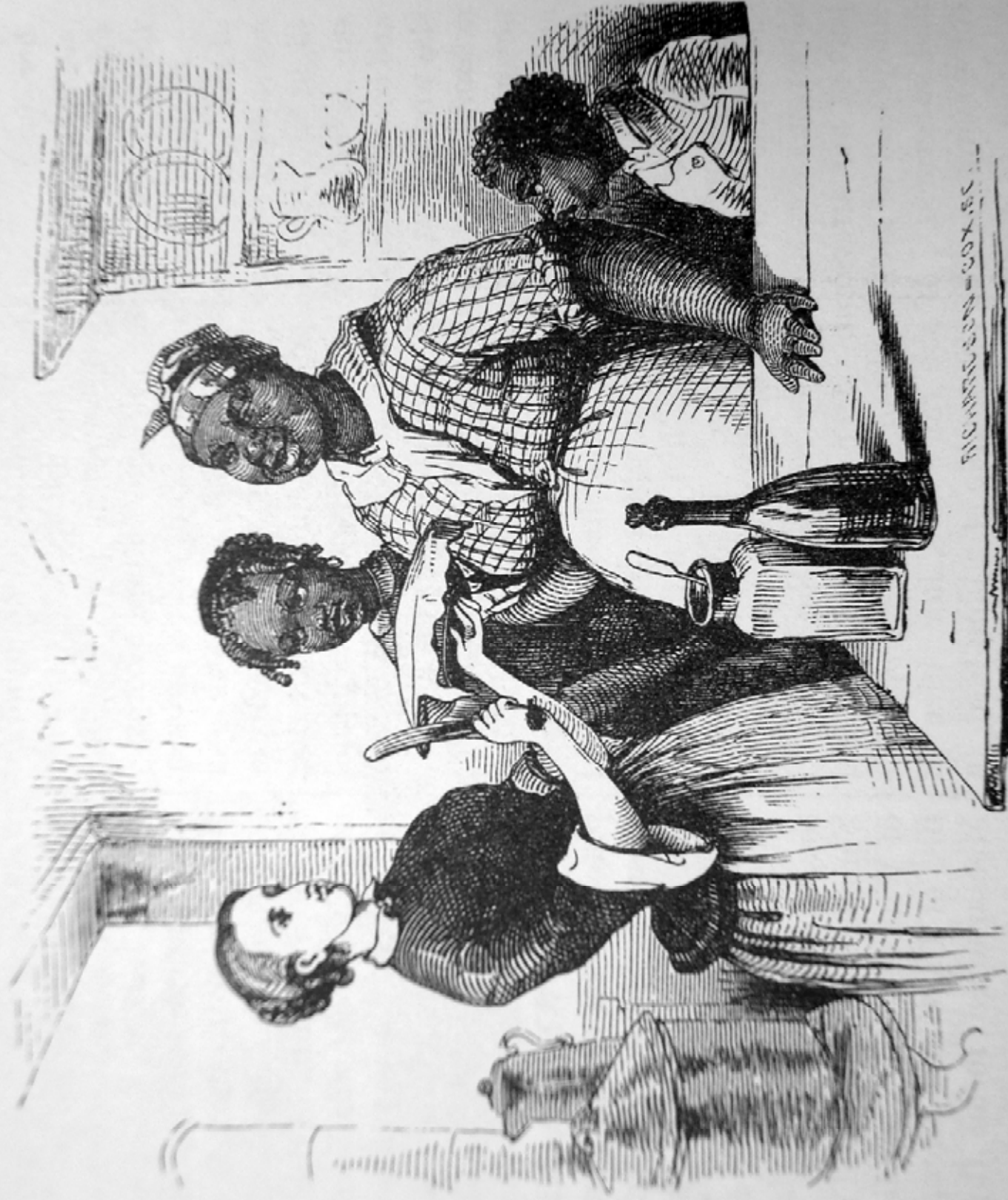
MR. X. HASTENS TO GET A SHOT AT A DEER.





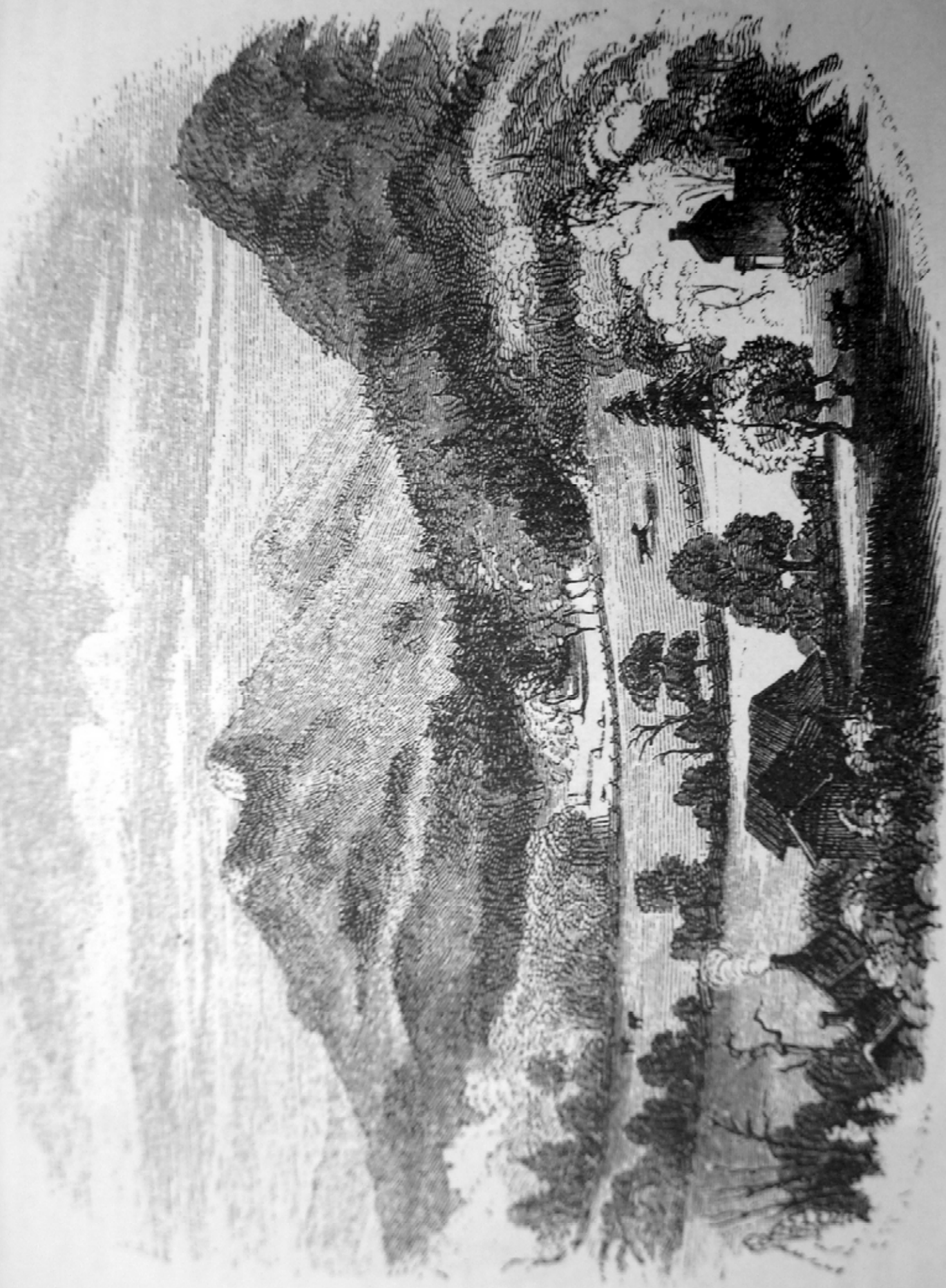
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THE VIRGINIA HOUSEKEEPER.

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Miss”—“butter”—“mince-meat”—“brandy.”—



THE FORTSMOUTH.